

For Christmas

The Diamond is the Gifts of Gifts

Aside from their beauty and deserved popularity they are the most profitable investment you can make for adornment. What else can you buy, wear a year or two, then be worth just about the same you put in it?

Don't put it off. **COME AND SEE** what Stunning gifts we can show you in this line for your money.

It is generally acknowledged that for good reliable goods, **PALMER'S IS THE PLACE** and it is a pleasure and satisfaction to own the kind of **JEWELRY** we handle.

We have:

Diamond Rings from	\$3.00 to \$400
Diamond Brooches from	\$5.00 to \$350
Diamond Locket from	\$5.00 to \$75
Diamond Bracelets	\$6.00 to \$70
Diamond Cuff Buttons from	\$5.00 to \$25
Diamond Scarf Pins	\$3.50 to \$150

We guarantee every thing we sell to be just as represented by us, and our prices are the lowest possible for good, honest and reliable goods.

J. J. Palmer's Sons,

The Leading Jewelers,

Established 1892.

2704 Washington Avenue.

Music and the Musical Instruments of China

In connection with his report on the foreign trade in musical instruments in China, Deputy Consul-General Clarence E. Gauss, of Shanghai, prepared the following paper on Chinese music:

The Chinese claim for their music the greatest antiquity. According to their annals, music was invented by the Emperor Fuhai some three thousand years before the Christian era. At that time, however, music was not regulated by any laws, nor were the instruments of a complicated kind. But under the Emperor Hwangti, 2700 B. C., the art of music made important progress, a certain note was chosen as keynote, the sounds were fixed and received names, comparisons were drawn between the notes and the celestial bodies of the universe and music became a necessity in the state, a key to good government. After Hwangti his successors took pride in practicing music and composing hymns, and the post of music was considered the highest dignity in the Empire.

Confucius spoke of music in the highest terms of sincere admiration, and recommended it as the best medium for governing and guiding the passions of men.

Chinese accounts describe ancient music as beautifully sweet and harmonious, but they give no idea of what it was like. Tsin-shih-Huangti, 246 B. C., ordered the destruction of all books, and as music books and instruments were included, the tradition of music was lost. Subsequent emperors, especially Yuen Tsung, 720 A. D., and Kangshi, 1721, made great efforts to revive music and bring it back to its old splendor, but the discussions and contradictory theories of various writers put the whole system into confusion, and caused the art of music to sink to the lowest rank.

Character of Music. Chinese music is written, like the language, in vertical rows of characters from right to left. The value of the notes or their length can not be ascertained, as rests, pauses, etc., are seldom indicated, and there is no division into bars. The Chinese use no chromatic scale, and they have nothing resembling our sharps, flats, etc.—that is, signs which in a piece of music sharpen or flatten certain notes.

The best Chinese musician can only conjecture the general form of a written piece shown to him for the first time; to be able to decipher it, he must hear it played. Therefore, all the tunes are learned by tradition, and are continually modified by the individual taste of the performer, so that after a lapse of time the tunes become quite different from what they were originally, and scarcely two musicians will be found to play exactly the same notes when performing the same piece of music.

Chinese music is divided into two classes, ritual and popular. Under the name of ritual music must be comprehended all music performed at court or at religious ceremonies.

Under popular music are grouped all theatrical, ballad, professional, and ordinary street song music. Among a list of selections of Chinese music on a programme I find one entitled "Ta-Pa-Pan" ("The Eight Boards"), supposed to emanate from the pen of the great Emperor Kangshi, together with the following entitled selections: "Opening the Hand," "The Maid of the Green Willow," "Mother Understands Me Well," "Alone at Home," "The Widow's Lament," "Painting Fans," "Breaking the Looking-glass," "Making Verses with a Bird," "The Locust's Fate," "The Seal of Longevity," "The Ladder of Happiness," "The Happy Dreams," "The Men who Fear Their Wives," "The Crockery-mender."

Chinese Musical Instruments.

A paper entitled "A List of the Musical and other Sound-Producing Instruments of the Chinese," by A. C. Moule, B. A. Trinity College, Cambridge, has recently been published by the North China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society in their journal for 1908. The author groups the instruments into three classes—sonorous substances, vibrating membranes, and wind instruments, and describes a vast collection of ancient and present day instruments, including all styles of drums, etc.; clappers, rattles, castanets, gongs, bells, flutes, whistles, bamboo pipes, pigeon whistles, whistling tops, reed instruments, small hand organs, free-reed instruments, fiddles, conches, horns, and musical toys, many of them ancient, many of them sacred to the use of the imperial family or religious state ceremonies. Some of them the present-day Chinese orchestral equipment, and no small number merely the signals by which certain corporations of Chinese hawkers announce themselves.

While the missionary and the western educator have been busy spreading Christianity and western learning among the Chinese, some little time has also been given to the introduction of western music. It is interesting to see the drum-and-bell corps, and sometimes even small bands, established in the modern educational institutions of China. Even in the Chinese schools, where the missionary-educated Chinese are rapidly being called as teachers, they are bringing with them the baby organ, to which they have become attached as students.

At a recent graduation-day ceremony at Shanghai in a Chinese girls' school conducted by American women many of the invited guests were surprised at the ease and accuracy with which several young Chinese girls played foreign musical selections on the violin and piano. According to a Shanghai dealer, the Japanese are being employed in large numbers as music teachers in Chinese schools, and they have had much to do with the spread of the musical-instrument trade in all lines. Daily Consular and Trade Report.

What Milwaukee Thinks.

Mayor Rose, who was the guest of honor, spoke after Mayor Reyburn, introduced by Councilman Louis Hutt as toastmaster, had made a brief speech of welcome. Mayor Rose said, in part:

"We have in Milwaukee an industry which surpasses all others there in the amount of capital invested, in the number of men employed and in revenue returned to the city. We people in Milwaukee believe in it and its product, because we know both are good. We have little use for the cranks, fanatics and bigots whose rantings against that industry have recently achieved such vogue. I stand here, my friends, to defend that industry from any malevolent attack directed against it. We believe that it lies with the individual himself to exercise his own judgment in dealing with it. We believe in that personal liberty which was born down here in old Independence Hall, and we believe that it is an American to endeavor, by legislation or otherwise, to force a man to refrain from doing that which his conscience tells him is not wrong." Philadelphia Record.

Medical Heroes. Almost the only serious disease of an epidemic character that doctors and nurses have still to face is diphtheria. Yet there is no disease in combating which more heroism has been displayed.—British Medical Journal.

SIGNALS OF DISTRESS.

Newport News People Should Know How to Read and Heed Them.

Sick kidneys give many signals of distress.

The secretions are dark, contain a sediment.

Passages are frequent, scanty, painful.

Backache is constant day and night. Headache and dizzy spells are frequent.

The weakened kidneys need quick help.

Don't delay! Use a special kidney remedy.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys, backache and urinary disorders.

Newport News evidence proves this statement.

Mrs. Chas. Graham, formerly living at 2593 Washington avenue, Newport News, Va., says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as being a remedy that acts up to representations. Several members of my family, as well as myself, used them and the results were satisfactory. I used them first when living in Detroit, Mich. At that time I suffered from kidney complaint, backache and pains through my loins. I tried many remedies, but did not succeed in finding relief until I procured Doan's Kidney Pills. The results of their use were highly satisfactory and I know of many others who have taken them and derived just as much benefit."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

"Le Bretagne"

Leon's Christmas Home Coming

By W. A. FRAZER

(Copyright by Short Story Publishing Co.)

It was two o'clock when Le Bretagne spread her white sails and crept out toward the eastern sky. It was six when the gray wall of the sea rose and blotted out the ship as though she had gone to the bottom.

Then the dark figure which had been outlined against the crimson of the big, red setting sun turned wearily and crept over the sands towards Arichat—it was Marie, returning to her newly widowed home.

"Leon said he would come at the time of Christmas, so why should I fear?" she kept muttering, "and Leon will keep his word in life or death. Even if I'm dead, Marie," he said, joking me, I will come to thee at Christmas."

On the farther side of L'Isle Madame the sea was moaning as Marie reached her cottage.

One month had gone—one month of the loveliest weather—ideal weather for the fishing, the old wives said, only they used a stronger word than "ideal" to express their satisfaction.

It was just 34 days since the gray wall of water had risen between Marie and her Leon. There was no mistaking the day, for she had just drawn a line through the date, the nineteenth of October. Not for a moment had Marie slumbered that night. The sea had gone to rest with a sigh, a sigh of utter weariness, as though the wind had called it to battle to the death; only the sea heard the challenge, the sea and Marie—she knew.

The calm that rested over everything was awful; it was as though all life had gone out of the world. And so it was when the green sky that

over and over again, out of the choking fullness of her heart, "Holy Mother, save my Leon!" The awful solemnity of the scene touched their rough hearts, and hats were doffed, and heads bowed, as the young wife prayed to her God in that living gale.

And then, as if in mockery of all things human, a mighty wave, mightier than any of its fellows, and following in the wake of two scarcely less mighty, broke over the Bretagne, and buried her beneath its many tons of foam-lashed water. The vessel swayed, trembled and disappeared before their very eyes.

Two men were holding Marie now. "I will go to him! He is calling me!" she shrieked. "O, God! will no one save him?"

The bronzed faces of the fisher-folk were turned away each from the other. The salt spray was on their beards, but in their eyes was that of which they were ashamed.

Then they led her back to the house, the little house that Leon had taken her to only a few weeks ago. And two of them watched into the gray of the morning, for "death oil skins the fishers' hearts are warm."

That was the third night, and still she slept not. The storm was dying now, and moaning, together they passed away—the fury of grief and the rage of the storm. And for that day, and for many days the great grief had broken her mind.

Storm and sunshine, day in and day out, she sat down on the beach, and questioned the passers as to how many days to Christmas till her Leon would come home; for had he not said that he would come at Christmas, at the glad time of the year, and was not his word as the law among the fisher-folk, it was so true? And did she not pray every night to the Holy Mother to intercede for her, and bring her Leon home? And the masses that had been said for Leon, were they not to bring him home, too?

Poor little Marie, her mind, which was like unto a child's, could not understand that the mass which Father Dupre had said, had been to take him to that other home; for the good father had said mass for the repose of the souls of the men lying out there in Le Bretagne.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Many days after, at the time of Christmas, again the cry of Le Bretagne rang through the streets of Arichat; and again was there much of horror in the cry, for though the sea was calm now, there was Le Bretagne slowly sailing into port; and was not Le Bretagne at the bottom of the sea, and all hands drowned?

Small wonder that the browned faces were blanched now, as the fisher-folk lined up on the sand, as they had on that day two moons before.

"What sorcery is this?" they asked each other. It was Le Bretagne, they knew her as they knew their own houses. Spirit hands were sailing her, for on her decks no one moved.

A solemn hush settled down upon them; few spoke, and when they did it was with bated breath. What evil was this? for good it could not be.

'Twas Marie who had first seen the ship. Had her prayers worked this magic?

Nearer and nearer the dread ship came, until but a short way out from the shore she stopped, and swung to an anchor. Invisible hands had anchored her, for there was the cable right enough, running out from her bow, as she lifted lazily to the long ground swell.

"Take me to my Leon," Marie pleaded of the awe-struck fishermen, "he is calling me. Do you not see that his boats are washed away?"

Shamed by the presence of the women, four stout fishermen brought up a boat, and, taking Marie with them, rowed off to the ship that was like a phantom.

"Stay with us, ma petite amie," the fishermen pleaded with Marie. As well had they striven to check the ways of the wind.

How silent the ship was as the boat glided under her stern! Not a sound, not a voice; no movement, only the lap, lap, lap of the waters against her wooden sides.

The men crossed themselves as Dumont, the bravest fisherman in all Arichat, rose up, and, with blanched cheeks, caught his boat hook in Le Bretagne's rail.

How low she was in the water; as they stood up in their boat they could see across her deck—not across did they see, for half way they saw something which caused them to shudder, and beg of little Marie to stop in the boat.

But Marie had risen and seen, too, and with a cry that rang in the ears of those four men until their dying day, she sprang up the side of the ship, and stood on the slippery, slimy deck.

Her Leon was there, lashed to the mast. She threw herself upon his poor bloated form.

The four understood. Dumont looked down an open hatch: "Her salt is gone!" he exclaimed.

That brief sentence explained it all. She had gone to the fisheries loaded with salt. When the water had washed all the salt out of her hold, being a wooden ship, she had floated, dragging her one remaining anchor until it had caught in the good holding ground near the shore.

Gently they lifted Marie away from her dead lover.

Christmas had come to Marie. The Holy Mother had heard her prayer, and she was with Leon.

And every Christmas since, in Arichat, a mass is said for the repose of the soul of little Marie, and the lover who rose from the sea to come to her, even in death.



"Yes, Yes; it's Le Bretagne," an Old Man Was Saying.

was in the west changed to blood red; still not a breath of air. Toward noon the glassy water grew dark, where little puffs of wind ruffled its surface.

By night the clouds had risen like a wall, stretching from the south to the northeast, but still it was clear overhead; no clouds, only a murky, yellow haze.

Pitiful blasts of wind came tearing through the quaint old fishing town of Arichat, making signs and shutters tremble and creak for an instant, and then silence—that dreadful silence that seemed to still the very beating of one's heart.

That night Marie prayed as though she were pleading for her soul: "O, Holy Mother, plead for me, even as thou hast a Son," and then the hot flood of tears fell fast, blinding and scorching, and choking the full heart.

In the morning the eastern shore of L'Isle Madame was shrouded in seething spray. The breakers were thundering at her guarding rocks. By night the world was spray covered—the world of L'Isle Madame. The sky and the earth and the sea were one. And still from the southeast the storm drove, and all that night.

And in the morning of the second day the crash of breaking timbers mingled with the boom of the mighty waves as they dashed against the granite walls.

People were hurrying towards the surf-beaten shore. Her long hair tossing in the maddened breeze, Marie rushed after them; in her heart the cry that had been there for so many hours, "Holy Mother, save my Leon!"

"Yes, yes; it's Le Bretagne," an old man was saying, slowly lowering his glass as Marie came up to the group of people who were straining their eyes seaward. "Her anchors are out," he continued, "but she cannot live in such a gale under that strain, and if she parts her cable she will go to pieces on the rocks."

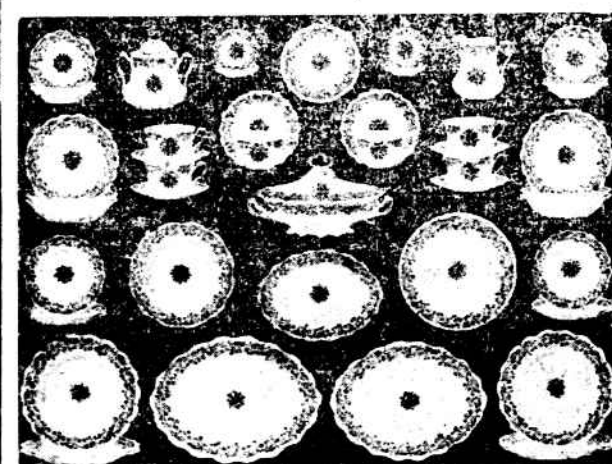
His words were scarcely audible above the shrieking of the wind; but Marie heard, and there, among those rough fishermen, she knelt and prayed.



This Beautiful Flemish Oak Rocking Chair Regular Value \$5. Reduced to

\$2.48

Leatherette bottom: Nothing like it in the South. Now is your opportunity.



As an Extra Inducement to Christmas Buyers, I am Offering FREE

Absolutely Free A Dinner Set Of Porcelain China. Highly Decorated.

To each and every person who brings in 35 Coupons. Coupons issued to every person who spends their cash at our store, \$5.00 cash spent at our store entitles you to five Coupons—one Coupon for each Cash Dollar. It matters not what you buy or who you collect your Coupons from, just so you bring 35 into our store, you will be presented with the above dinner set.

THIS IS FOR MONTH OF DECEMBER ONLY

Get busy, you and your friends, and spend your cash at our store. By so doing you will be presented with a Lovely Dinner Set.

M. H. LASH

2803-57 WASH. AVE. NEWPORT NEWS, VA. Will Keep Open Until 9:00 P. M. From Now On to Xmas for the Accommodation of Christmas Buyers.

Phenomenon Explained.

"There goes a man who has never spoken an unkind word to his wife," said Willoughby.

"Fine! Who is he?" asked Dorrington.

Live Less by Rule. If we took our meals at odd times and indulged in forty winks whenever we felt inclined, we should save a great deal of time. An old lady in Florence carried out this idea thoroughly. Her cook was always on duty in case she wanted an omelette in the middle of the night.—London Graphic.